

Malia, Wonderland

I found her shoes today
I picked them up from the ground
I tried them on under the setting sun
Then walked a few steps in her shoes

As rare as a shooting star she is the wonderland
And now the shame's on me, on me - on me

She's never cried out in pain
The sun's dying by her side
She tried so hard to fight back the tears
And now the shame's on me, on me

As rare as a shooting star she is the wonderland
And now the shame is on me, on me - on me

She tried so hard to fight back the tears
And now the shame's on me, on me
As rare as a shooting star she is the wonderland
And now the shame's on me, on me - on me
o-o-on me, on me